

THE HARTFORD REPUBLICAN.

Fine Job Wok a Specialty.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE PARTY IN THE FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.

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No. 35.

Wrinkles Come

To many a face which should still be smooth and fair, worry doesn't bring them. There are no care and anxieties to furrow the face. They are the signs of physical suffering, given by the hand of Pain. It is the saddest result of the diseases which affect the womanly organs that they write plainly the sad record of suffering on the face and form. The skin becomes sallow, the cheeks are sunken, the eyes look dull, the body falls away. No woman who values her health or good looks should neglect to use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female ailments. It cures irregularity, inflammation, ulceration and female weakness. It lights up the eye, brightens the complexion, and rounds out the sunken curves of the body.

"I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for female ailments. I have used it myself and it has cured me of all my troubles. I have been a sufferer from female ailments for many years, and I have tried many remedies, but none have done me any good. I have found that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only remedy that has cured me of all my troubles. I have been a sufferer from female ailments for many years, and I have tried many remedies, but none have done me any good. I have found that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only remedy that has cured me of all my troubles."

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WHISTLING "JOEBOWERS."

A True Story Related by One Who Knew the Subject of This Interesting Sketch.

PATRIOT OF PRESS ROOM.

A writer in the Trades Unionist, the organ of the Printers' Union in Washington, D. C., gives the following interesting story:

"One cold day in the winter of 18— a quiet unionist paused to look into the window of a large pressroom in one of the western cities, the whirling machines and the paper falling therefrom having attracted his attention. His attire was that of many a poor boy of those times—the remnants of an old army uniform—the trousers rolled up from the knees to the ankles, the length and the sleeves of the blouse so much too long that the tips of his fingers were visible. The old blue cap that crowned his head rested upon his ears for support, and the army brogan upon his feet were but poor protection from the wet and cold. In stature a child of twelve years or so, his weaned, drawn features, showing the dire effects of want and hunger, gave him more the appearance of an aged man than a boy. As he gazed longingly at the busy scene, the warmth and brightness of the place suggested to his mind that employment there must be a very pleasant occupation, and he resolved to make the effort. Just then a young man, one of the apprentices, stepped out upon the street, and to him the unionist put the question: 'Say, boss, do you think there is any chance for me to catch on in there?' The ridiculous appearance of the boy suggested to the young man that it would be a good joke to send the youngster against the 'Old Man,' as the foreman of the press-room was designated by all the employees, and he told him he thought he was the just the kind of a boy the office needed, and suggested that he enter and make application immediately, thinking that the outlandish spectacle of the miniature veteran would be a source of amusement to his shopmates. And so he was! For no sooner had he entered the door than one mischievous fellow started whistling 'Marching through Georgia,' and all the balance joined in, until the foreman walked down the room to discover the cause of the commotion. Approaching the boy he entered into conversation with him very earnestly, much to the surprise of those who witnessed the incident, and was seen to put his hand in his pocket, give the boy some money, walk with him to the door, and stand there conversing with him for some time before dismissing him. Such was the induction to the printing business of one of the quaintest characters I have ever come across in all my career, for at the blowing of the whistle to resume work that afternoon, the foreman brought this same odd looking character, with his old army uniform, but with the appearance of having made some attempt at cleaning up for the occasion, his lace and hands showing the evidences of soap and water, and his staggish hair brushed and straightened somewhat—to me and told me to put him to work taking sheets from the folding machine, the first duty assigned to a new boy upon entering the pressroom. And then the trouble began. For all of the mischievous youngsters that ever entered a printing office he was the worst. He was impudent, saucy, vicious, meddlesome, and he didn't know what fear was. Small as he was, he had wonderful strength, combined with great agility, and ere he had been there a month more than one of us were nursing sore spots from contact with him. By reason of his pug-naciousness, he became a great favorite with most of the men, and was as heartily detested as well as feared by the boys and also by the girls. With the foreman he was from the first a favorite—the reason for which was misapprehension on his long time—and no matter what his offense the 'Old Man' always had some excuse for him, and it was evident that it was a good policy for all hands to put up with anything the kid chose to do if they wanted peace.

The engineer of the establishment was a grizzled old soldier, crusty and overbearing, whom nobody liked and who never hesitated to administer a kick or a blow to any venturous boy that dared to get within his reach but he, too, took this pest of the pressroom to his heart, and would defend him at all hazards. There was no other boy could enter without abusing the engine room—this youngster was soon a welcome guest and it was no unusual sight at no time to witness the old engineer and this ridiculously small boy sitting together earnestly conversing, enjoying something to eat, and very often a can of beer and a pipe.

As ordered by the foreman, I instructed him as to his duties in taking the sheets from the folder, my assignment at that time being to run

the machine, and the moment the wheels began to move this 'Devil' began whistling 'Joe Bowers'—a tune almost as well known in those days as 'Yankee Doodle'—and he whistled that same old tune until everybody in the place was nearly distracted. Whether he knew any other tune I know not, but 'Joe Bowers' he gave as morning, noon and night. I believe he could not help it. So long as he was idle you would not hear it, but put him to doing anything and his whistling began. Complaint to the foreman was useless, for he upheld the boy, in everything he did; the foreman having I believe, spotted the 'Old Man' so he saw nothing wrong or disagreeable in him.

The Grand Army of the Republic was then in its infancy, and I well remember their first parade in that city. The foreman had served with distinction during the war, being one of the first to respond to the call for troops, and the old engineer had served with him, and both were active promoters of the organization that has for more than thirty years made presidents and virtually ruled the country. Preparations for the first parade were made with much care and attention, and the event was the talk of the office for months.

When the day arrived the office closed, the proprietors being much in sympathy with the event, and everybody was of course interested in the division to be commanded by the foreman of the press room; and when they appeared what was our surprise to see them headed by a band of three pieces—a bass drum, a snare drum, and a fife—the foreman being the old engineer and the fife more than 'Joe Bowers,' old army uniform and all, stepping as proudly as one of Napoleon's old guards and blowing as lustily as a Scotch piper. The reception given him by the employees of the old printing office lined up along the street must have put more of the devil into him than before, for from that time he was king of the office. He rode on the elevator and whistled 'Joe Bowers' until the printers, book binders, and people upstairs were nearly crazed, and he thrashed every boy in the place, by fair means or foul, so that none disputed his sway.

The foreman of the press room and the old engineer stood by him on all occasions, and the proprietors condoned any offense he might be charged with.

I graduated about a year after the advent of 'Joe Bowers,' and some ten years after found me working in a far western city, near which was located an army post, one of the attractions of which was the excellent band attached thereto, and parade days attracted visitors from far and near to hear the splendid music discourse by the band, the leader of which I found to have been an old schoolmate of mine many years ago. Accompanied by some friends, I visited the post and renewed my acquaintance with my former schoolmate, and he called our particular attention to a cornet solo that was to be the feature of the program that day, telling us he was especially proud of the soloist because of having taught the performer the instrument. The parade and the band concert were a success, the day being delightful and the attendance very large, and must to my surprise, I discovered the cornet soloist to be none other than the pressroom pest of former days—'Joe Bowers.' He was master of the instrument, and the applause he received would have gladdened the heart of a Levi or an Arcturion. He was little changed in appearance since last I had seen him, his stature being not more than five feet and his countenance still had the aged, plump appearance of a prematurely old man. After concert we repaired to the quarters of my friend, the bandmaster, and at my request he related how he had discovered the talent for music in the boy by his performance on the fife for the drum corps of the Grand Army post; and finally, when he organized his band, engaged little Joe as cornetist, and they had been together ever since. He called Joe in and introduced him, and I don't think I ever enjoyed anything more than hearing his comments on the characteristics of the different employees of the old printing office work back and the ticks and pranks he had played on nearly every one of them. As a mimic he was superb, and my friends were delighted with him. He played for us on the cornet many fine selections, but the piece that pleased me most and that carried me back to my boyhood days and the scenes of my early experiences, was the old, old tune of 'Joe Bowers.' He gave us as a final at my desire.

Some years after I met the 'Old Man' in Chicago, where he had been located for many years, and related to him my meeting with Joe and the pleasant time we had together. For the first time, I think, I then heard the boy's real name—the title 'Joe Bowers' having attached to him for his partiality for the tune and stock to him all the time I knew him in the

office. His father had been a soldier under the 'Old Man' and was killed in one of the early battles of the civil war, and when he entered the office looking for employment he found a friend indeed where, perhaps, he least expected it. In the foreman of the pressroom—a friend whose heart and purse was always open to any one who had worn the blue.

Some few years since, at a well known seaside resort, I met my former friend, the band master, how a prosperous promoter of amusements enterprises and after going over many of our experiences of early days, he informed me that 'Joe Bowers' had been killed by the Indians while out with a scouting party from a post to which he was attached; thus like his father before him, sacrificing his life in the service of his country, and under the same old flag he had stepped so proudly brand playing the fife in the first Grand Army parade I had ever witnessed. He was buried with military honors at the military post in the Far West, and a modest headstone subscribed and erected to his memory by his comrades, marks the last resting place of the 'devil' of that old printing office—Joe Bowers.

Mrs. C. E. Vandusen, of Kilbourn, Wis., was afflicted with stomach trouble and constipation for a long time. She says: 'I have tried many preparations but none have done me the good that Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets have.' These Tablets are for sale at Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro's drug store. Price, 25 cents. Samples free.

Be Honest.

Any person who takes a newspaper regularly from the postoffice—whether directed to his home or another, whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment of same. The United States Supreme Court has decided that refusing to take newspapers or periodicals from the postoffice or leaving them uncanceled for, in prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

We are sorry to say, that THE REPUBLICAN is forced to acknowledge that it has many subscribers of which the courts speak.

It is indeed a shame for men and women to receive the paper and then have unadulterated and monumental gall to refuse to pay for it.

Headache often results from a disordered condition of the stomach and constipation of the bowels. A dose or two of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will correct these disorders and cure the headache. Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

In Memory

Of Mary T., wife of Lewis W. Hunt, who died at her home near Sunnydale on Wednesday, February 27, 1901, of a complication of diseases, age 43 years, 6 months and 10 days. She was buried at Sunnydale the 28th. She leaves a father, mother two brothers and three sisters, a husband and six children and a large number of other relatives and friends to mourn her loss, yet our loss is her gain. She was an excellent christian woman, having joined the M. E. Church, at Martins Chapel about the year 1888, and lived an upright christian life thereafter until her Master said it is enough, come up higher. By her death the church has lost an able, faithful member, her parents an able and affectionate daughter, her home a true companion and loving mother, the community a good friend and neighbor. We would say to the bereaved ones that do not mourn for her as one that had no hope. For the life that she lived thoroughly convinced us that she had made her peace with God years ago, and we have often heard her testify that if a person would prepare for living, she was satisfied that they would die right and then she would add 'Why, a person really is not fit to live in this world, unless they are a child of God,' and then she would beg of the church to pray for more power of God in the world. We are satisfied that she died in the arms of Jesus, and that her spirit is roaming in that land of bliss, the home of the redeemed. So look up and toward for the time to come when you will be joined in company with her again to be separated no more forever.

Mrs. Hunt was the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. S. Lee, of Sunnydale, and a sister of Jesse L. Lee, who died May 15, '98, of typhoid fever, also a sister of A. Monroe Lee, who died August 7, '98, of typhoid fever. The remains of all three are sleeping in the Sunnydale Cemetery to await the resurrection morn.

Jas. T. Davis.
Sulphur Springs, Mar. 13, 1901.

If your child is cross or peevish, it is no doubt troubled with worms. White's Cream Vermifuge will remove the worms, and its tonic effect restore its natural cheerfulness. Price, 25 cents. J. H. Williams.

THE REPUBLICAN keeps an excellent stock of Envelopes, Letterheads, Noteheads, Billheads, Statements, Cards, Etc., and prints them in the latest up to date style. Leave your orders for Job Printing at this office.

PUZZLES FOR SCIENTISTS.

Whole Acres of Central Kansas Sand Moved to and Fro by the Wind.

The broad expanse of level prairie which makes up the greater portion of Central Kansas is broken in one place by a range of hills whose origin is a question that has puzzled scientists. The prairies are easily explained; they are simply the bed of a vast ocean. The surface contains usually a limited amount of sand, evenly distributed. This also is to be expected for the action of waves would spread uniformly over the sea bed the sand washed down from the bordering mountains. But here, in the middle of this vast ocean, is a miniature mountain chain as distinct from the surrounding land as if it had dropped from the skies.

The hills stretch from near Lyons Kan., to Hutchinson, a distance of about 25 miles. They form the arc of a circle and are on the average of four miles in width. The curious feature of them is that they are made up wholly of sand, without the slightest admixture of any foreign element. The sand is composed of fine, diamond shape particles, so light that they seek a new position at every breeze—and breeze is in Kansas as too common to be noticeable.

These beds of sand are much given to shifting. A heavy wind will move whole acres of them. Hills 50 feet in height will be transferred little by little a distance of two yards, and a road between two mountains will be found next day entering the very bowels of a single hill. There is no limit to the curious tricks the eddying storms will play with the sand. The effect can be compared only to that produced by a high wind on very fine snow.

In many places, however, a long period of quiet weather has permitted a turf to form that can withstand the action of the elements. In these spots much fruit is raised, the best of which is a wild plum, renowned throughout the whole State. But if one digges through this turf the sand is found beneath and extends downward to the old prairie level. At this point beneath the soil, limestone strata and conglomerate, exactly the same as in all the rest of the region.

This fact proves that the hills were placed here after the surface formation had been completed, and further corroboration is found in the substances buried beneath the hills. Borings have uncovered great cottonwood trees, with the branches all intact, and bones of antelope and sandhill crane—two animals which still linger in this unquiet region, though otherwise almost driven from the State. Even human bones have been dug up, the remains probably of early travelers caught in the dangerous sands during some unrecorded storm. Under these conditions, especially if the storm is rotary, like the famous tornado, this region forms a natural deathtrap.

No satisfactory explanation of the hills has ever been advanced. Early and less well informed investigators thought they might be the remnant of some heavenly body which by chance had encountered the earth and the surface formation was practically finished. Some even went so far as to declare them to be the remnant of the nucleus of a comet. Later on, when the cataclysmic school of geologists was in the ascendant, they suggested that some mighty prehistoric cyclone, as it swept through the country, had collected the sand and had deposited it there, where the force of the storm was expended.

Scientists of the present day are disposed to find a more simple explanation. They say that as the inland sea subsided, this stretch of land may have been uplifted somewhere so that it formed an island, and the action of the waves collected and deposited the sand about its borders. Then, after the water had disappeared, the land sank to a level with the surrounding territory, thus leaving behind it the heaps of sand in the form of hills. The theory, though it does not account for the phenomena, is perhaps the most rational yet proposed, and it will probably be found to have considerable truth when the complete history of these hills shall have been discovered.—Chicago Chronicle.

Much pain and uneasiness is caused by piles, sprain, neither age nor sex. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment cures the most obstinate case. Price, 50 cents in bottles, tubes 75c. J. H. Williams.

Fired Up.

Dr. Abraham Mosher, of Griggsville, N. J., has been indicted for spanking his wife with a firing pin. The doctor might have known, says the Chicago Times Herald, that such a proceeding would be likely to make even the meekest of women fire up.

Senator William P. Frye, of Maine, has for the second time been elected President pro tempore of the United States Senate.

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA



Mr. Isaac Brock, Born in Buncombe Co., North Carolina, March 1, 1788, Says: "I attribute my extreme old age to the use of Peruna."

Born before United States was formed.
Saw 22 Presidents elected.
Peruna has protected him from all sudden changes.
Veteran of four wars.
Shod a horse when 99 years old.

Always conquered the grippe with Peruna.
Witness in a land suit at age of 110 years.
Believes Peruna the greatest remedy of the age for catarrhal diseases.

Isaac Brock, a citizen of McLennan county, Texas, has lived 111 years. He now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says: "After a man has lived in the world as long as I have, he ought to have found out a great many things by experience."

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for ailments that are due directly to the effects of the climate."

"During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases, but in reading Dr. Hartman's books I have found out that these affections are the same and that they are properly called catarrh."

"I had several long sleazes with the grippe. At first I did not know that Peruna was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that I tried Peruna for the grippe and found it to be just the thing."

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peruna, I have found it to be the best, if not the only, reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my standby for many years, and I attribute my good health and extreme old age to this remedy."

Very truly yours,
Isaac Brock.

For a free book on catarrh, address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

THE AWFUL FATE OF BILL.

I've not a letter, Peruna, from my boy away out West.
As my old home's as heavy as lead within my breast.
To think the boy whose fortune had been so proudly planned
Should wander from the path of right and come to such an end.
I told him when he left on only three short years ago
He'd not himself plow 'in a mighty crooked row—
He'd make his father's counsel, as his mother's prayers, too,
But he said the farm was 'hated on' he guessed he'd have to go.

Know that the temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

As 'when I'd warned him of the ever-widening snare,
That he'd be lost in life's pathway every where,
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud,
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

As 'now the boy's in trouble'—the very nextest I know.
His letter came so seldom that I almost lost my woe.
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

He'd been a tramp on a night's ride,
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

As 'in the dust' I'd written his old daddy's honored name,
He would not let it linger, as the story's told,
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

He'd been a tramp on a night's ride,
But I'll be honest with you, I had the courage to resist.

It is hard to tell these days if a girl didn't take time to comb her hair, or took the time to comb it in the latest fashion.—Atchison Globe.

An Honest Medicine for La Grippe

George W. Wallis, of South Gardiner, Me., says: "I have had the worst cough, cold, chills and grippe and have taken lots of trash of no account but profit to the vendor. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only thing that has done any good whatever. I have used one bottle of it and the chills and cold and grippe have all left me. I congratulate the manufacturers of an honest medicine."

For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Had Great Nerve.

The recent death of J. H. Benham, of California, illustrates the wonderful nerve of strong men under the most adverse conditions. Benham and three companions had gone into the mountains for a day's hunting. They had climbed mountains and crossed canyons and finally made their camp on Elv River. On Monday afternoon, while high up a mountain, Benham's hounds started a fine buck. The hunter braced himself against a bush and was about to fire at the deer when the bush gave way and allowed him to slide down the incline about 12 yards. In falling Benham's rifle was discharged, the ball passing into his abdomen and coming out at his right shoulder. Wounded though he was he managed to crawl back up the incline, where he shouted for help.

His wound was fatal. The friend went back to camp and secured three mules with which he returned to the scene of the tragedy.

Without help of any sort Benham rode one of the mules back to camp, a distance of half a mile. Another of the party then started for the nearest town for medical help and to telephone for Mrs. Benham. The messenger traveled in an hour and twenty minutes a trail which had taken the hunters seven hours to travel when they were on their way to the camp. A physician and Mrs. Benham reached the camp at 3 o'clock in the morning, but nothing could be done for the dying man. At 10 o'clock that morning the party started for home, 18 miles away. The wounded man was carried on a litter the entire distance, the members of the party taking turns at carrying it.

They arrived at home at 10 o'clock at night, the wounded man retaining consciousness throughout the long journey. He knew that his death was a question of only a few hours, but he never lost his courage. He died at 5 o'clock the next morning.—Ex.

Drying preparations simply develop

catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleanses, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. All druggists sell it at 50 cents or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 36 Warren St., N. Y.

A Co-Incident.

If time of arrival and coincidence of name mean anything, a child was born early Monday morning at Louisville who should achieve greatness. On the day of the President's inauguration for a second term a son was born to Mr. and Mrs. William McKin-

ley, who live at 1036 Debarre street, Louisville. The child will be named after his father, and William McKinley will have the advantage of name in that chance every free born American enjoys to become chief executive of the United States.

A Good Cough Medicine for Children.

"I have no hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy," says R. P. Morgan, a well-known and popular baker, of Petersburg, Va. "We have given it to our children when troubled with bad coughs, also whooping cough, and it has always given perfect satisfaction. It was recommended to me by a druggist as the best cough medicine for children as it contained no opium or other harmful drug." Sold by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch

Liked the Trick.

At a popular table d'hôte restaurant in Boston the other evening as a gentleman was lighting his cigar with a teaspoonful of burning brandy there came a knock at the door and on it being opened, in walked two very ragged children—a boy and a girl. "What you want?" gruffly asked the waiter. "Please, sir," said the little girl, "we see the gent awaller fire through the window, and we'd like to see him awaller some more, if we ain't in no one's way."

—N. Y. Tribune.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch

Nervous, Weak Men.

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY ENTHUSIASM, EXCESSIVE, AND IRREGULAR DISCIPLES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, do you have a general feeling of debility, loss of appetite, indigestion, constipation, or a general feeling of weakness? If so, you need our medicine. It will cure you. DRUGS GUARANTEED. NO CURE, NO PAY.

MEN'S LIFE BLOOD

Nothing can be more demoralizing to young and middle-aged men than enfeeblement at slight or secret drains through the system. They suffer from loss of health, nervousness, and general debility. No matter whether caused by evil habits in youth, natural weakness, or sexual excesses, our New Method of Treatment will positively cure you. DRUGS GUARANTEED. NO CURE, NO PAY.

No Names Used Without Written Consent.

W. A. Mott, of Lima, O., says: "I was one of the countless victims of early vice at 15 years of age. The drain on my system was weakening my body as well as my mind and nervous system. For ten years I tried scores of doctors, electric belts and patent medicines. None did me any good. I was giving up in despair, in fact contemplating suicide when a friend advised me to try a last resort to give the New Method of Treatment of Dr. K. & K. a fair trial. Without confidence I consented and in three months I was a cured man. I was cured seven years ago—am married and happy. I heartily recommend Dr. K. & K. to my afflicted fellow men."

Dr. Kennedy & Korgan, 628 WALNUT STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FRIDAY, MARCH 22.

LOAN ROGERS, Editor.
 TELEPHONE, 22.
 BROADWAY, 22.
 COLUMBIAN, 22.
 Entered as second-class mail matter
 March 15, 1879, at Hartford, Conn., under
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X

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

For Representative,
 ALVIN S. BENNETT.
 For County Judge,
 FOR ROGERS.
 For County Clerk,
 H. S. RAGLAND.
 For County Attorney,
 M. L. HEAVIN.
 For Sheriff,
 CAL P. KEOWN.
 For School Superintendent,
 JAMES DEWEENE.
 For Jailer,
 THOMAS H. BLACK.
 For Assessor,
 FRANK LOWE.
 For Surveyor,
 JOHN H. WOOD.
 For Coroner,
 BEN L. DAVIS.

ANALYSIS OF THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM.

Our Democratic brethren, in their platform adopted by their party, have clearly drawn the outline for the fall campaign, in this county. First, they stand upon the declaration embodied in that Chicago document; then they come to the wise, conservatism and the people's interest administration of J. C. W. Beckham, and lastly, they highly commend the Democratic officials of the county in handling the county's business. It is almost needless for us to say that there are only two Democratic officials in the county, and they are members of the Fiscal Court. One other Justice is a Populist and two are Republicans.

As to the manner in which the county's business has been handled—we will have a word to say when the time is opportune. What we desire to look after just now is Mr. Beckham's wise, conservatism and to the people's interest administration.

In 1899 Mr. Beckham and his colleague, Mr. Gochel, were candidates for the highest offices in the State. The State held an election under the supervision of the latter—at an enormous expense. The Constitution being the court instructed the jury—the people of Kentucky—to cast their ballots for their choice—which should be the law of the land—and the jury, being the people, found for the other fellows. The "disappointed" in the case rebelled against the people's verdict, and instituted a contest at an enormous expense, in which they succeeded in reversing the will of the people, as expressed at the polls, by a partisan and biased legislature. This revolutionary course of the office pirates, around the people to great excitement—almost to revolution—and in the heat of this dilemma, the pirate leader was slain. Immediately came this decree: "The voice of the people is set aside—by a vote of the legislature—and Beckham is declared to be the Governor of this Commonwealth." The next thing most needed was \$100,000 of the people's money appropriated "to hang one man and damn a whole party"—and the Democrats of this county say publicly, "we endorse this—think it wise, conservatism and to the people's interest."

Proceeding in that remarkable career, Beckham ordered that \$100,000 of the people's money be given him, that he might raise and equip a large standing army—to guard the "office pirates"—to protect the official revolutionists in setting a side the verdict of the people—and this the legislature did. And the Democracy of Ohio county come on masses, before the very citizens who help pay these enormous expenditures, and declare that these things are a part of discretion and good sense, commend them to the intelligence of this country, as bits of "wisdom, conservatism and to the people's interest," asking that they be endorsed and given positions of trust, over law-abiding, constitution-defending, honest citizens.

Not satisfied with these enormous fool-hardy appropriations of the people's money, a proclamation comes, telling us that our election laws need modifying, that they didn't work as planned, and that it was necessary for the expenditure of about another \$100,000 in payment for an election law—to be framed by the same body of men that refused to abide by the voice of the people expressed under the law. Accordingly this proclamation was promptly put into effect and as a result a law, very little better, was given the people, after f-i-t-t-y-e-i-x (t-a-y-s) labor. Though amazingly strange, the Democracy, en masse assembled, voted this to be deeds of "wisdom, conservatism and to the people's interest," going to the people, asking them if they didn't think them to be about to get right in this course, by entering a plea of innocence and denouncing to the people's right to govern themselves.

To reasonably intelligent men these endorsements would seem to be "a plenty" for any organization to defend while asking the people to give them political preference, but our friends, the enemy, have more gall than the "Dutchman's call." When they commence to endorse, there appears to be no stopping place. Any "old thing done by any other old thing" calling himself a Democrat, is worthy of endorsement, consequently they endorsed it. Why, they even endorse a man, who, as an official, pleads for competition in gambling, for the destruction of monopoly in that vice and when this man, as an official, pardons a notorious character—gambling and fiend—these fellows—the Democratic bosses—come commending these things to the people as acts of a Statesman, being composed of "wisdom, conservatism and the people's interest." All these things did the Democratic convention do.

Now, we do not believe that the Democrats of this county approve these things. We do not attribute this to any others than the "bosses," for when this clause of the platform was read, not one word of applause was spoken, but deathly silence reigned instead. Every citizen should ask himself, what is commendable about the Beckham administration? Is it wise to lavish money on admitted and confessed perjurers? Is it conservatism to appropriate funds to raise, equip and maintain a large State standing army? Is it to the people's interest to pardon all the criminals in the penitentiary? Whether you agree with us politically, kind reader, you are forced to answer the questions in the affirmative, when you are on the "draw bridge" of the Ohio county Democratic platform. There is no other alternative—it is to believe and be damned in November—or disbelieve and your party will damn you. The good people of Ohio county have repudiated this same party before and they will repudiate it again, regardless of the character who teaches these political fallacies.

To-day closes the first spring term of the Hartford College. It goes without contradiction that this has been the best term's work in the history of the old institution. More live, energetic, ambitious working students are in attendance than ever before and more accurate and satisfactory work is being accomplished, both by students and teachers than at any time formerly. So great has been the increase during the last year, that a new and more commodious building is badly needed and the demand is most imperative. Nothing more beneficial could be added to the progress of the town than a genuine first-class seat of learning which our worthy young servants are so rapidly establishing. They need the help and encouragement of the citizens of the town and the young ladies and gentlemen searching for an education throughout Western Kentucky. There is no reason why Hartford should not be a popular educational center.

STRANGE indeed that a grand jury should make its mission to suppress newspapers from diffusing the news and happenings in this country of free speech; but such is the case with a Barren county grand jury and the Louisville Evening Post. Instead of attending to Jefferson county's affairs, the Barren citizen should devote their attention to home affairs. The Post is a free-thinker and a fluent speaker, and because of this fact, a little Barren county grand jury seeks to chastise it by finding an indictment against its editor.

We have learned that young Beckham's Hartford nurse recently advised his Excellency that his Excellency made a sad mistake in pardoning Ed Alvey, the gambler, whereupon the puerile governor informed him that he would do as he damned pleased—and yet, the Democratic bosses of this county, endorsed young Cripps, vowing that his administration had been marked by "wisdom, conservatism and to the people's interest."

Mrs. CARRIE NATION seems to have abandoned her new profession, to the delight of the Sunflower State. Had she directed her energies and abilities in a more persuasive manner—even to preaching—she would doubtless have had better results, at any rate, she would not have been the laughing "stock" of the world.

When being urged to make the race for County Attorney, one of the leading lawyers at this bar stated that "M. L. Heavin was invincible, that it was only political suicide for the man opposing him." This is a common-sense view of the matter. We heartily agree with our friend, and we believe there are others who will concur with the above statement.

We note that the Democratic roster still refuses to scratch dirt in the eyes of the head of the ticket in the Herald. The fact of the matter is this, that proud old cock has not been accustomed to scratching dirt in the eyes of Populists and it will doubtless give him the ache when he tries it.

THE South African war is not a compromise by any means. The Boers are yet sanguine that fate will deal kindly with them in the end, hence they maintain their war for independence, claiming that they will be able to hold out three years longer.

A good Democrat was asked the other day why their emblem did not appear over the ticket in the Herald, when he replied that the old bird had absolutely refused to disgrace himself by crowing in the barn yard under the present circumstances.

WHEN a great politician and statesman has finished his mission on earth and is called from the walks of life, all parties are then ready to join in eulogizing his name. So it is with ex-President Harrison.

It is generally conceded that Mr. Wade, the Democratic would-be Jailer, will have to wage long and deep before he carries Tom Black's keys. This is straight (not green) goods.

SINCE Beckham pardoned Ed Alvey and Paddy Miles, his health has failed. He is now in Florida, the home of such juvenile governors.

We do not understand why all the convicts in the State prison are not pardoned, since the governor prefers competition in crime.

It's funny that, that proud old bird has refused to scratch in the back yard for the Democratic ticket. Will some one explain?

THE English lion and the Russian bear are about to get into a scrap over spoils in China.

AGUINALDO is still on the run. Where is William J—?

It is not so much what the news papers say, as what neighbor says to neighbor, or friend to friend, that has brought Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy into such general use. It is as natural for people to express their gratitude after using this remedy as it is for water to flow down hill. It is the one remedy that can always be depended upon, whether a baby be sick with cholera infantum or a man with cholera morbus. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. Have you a bottle of it in your house? For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

FRIENDSHIP, KY.

Mar. 20.—Health in this locality is good except measles. Farmers are all in a hustle, sowing seeds and preparing for the coming crop. Died, on the 12th inst., a little child of Julien and Carrie Rock. May God bless them in their bereavement and may they be consoled by the words of our blessed Jesus, for he said of such is the Kingdom of God.

Mrs. Viola Westfield is still confined to her room. She has been sick for three years. Dr. E. W. Ford, of Hartford, was to see her last week. Bramler & Westfield are doing a thriving business in their new store at Sugar Grove.

The Republicans around here are all in harmony to the success of the Republican ticket next November, especially our noble young man, Von Rogers, for County Judge.

R. L. Brandon and W. W. Royal and daughter went to Owensboro last Saturday.

Born to the wife of Bud Dunn on the 7th, a girl.

I have no objection to women preaching; if they want to and hope the time will soon come when they will have a right to vote. We fought Great Britain because we were taxed without representation, but when we gained our independence we taxed the women without representation.

In Memory

Cervino, March 19.—Stephen R. Williams died at his home near here on the 7th of March, 1901, and on the 9th, after funeral services conducted by Rev. J. H. Lawrence, his body was laid to rest in the Waltons Creek bur-

ying ground. He was sick several days and often expressed his willingness to die, saying he had made his election sure with God. He professed faith in Christ several years ago, and joined the Waltons Creek Baptist church, of which he died a faithful member. He lived a model Christian life and was loved by all who knew him. He leaves a wife, three children and a host of friends to mourn his loss. Wm C.

CENTRAL GROVE, KY.

March 20.—Farmers are busy plowing and sowing oats. Rev. R. W. Danks, filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Saturday, and Rev. G. H. Lawrence preached an interesting sermon Sunday at 11 a. m.

Sunday School has been organized at this place with Mr. L. B. Loney as Supt., Mr. M. F. Faght as Asst. Supt., Miss Alice Faght, Sec'y, and Mr. O. M. Bishop, Asst. Sec'y.

Mr. H. Berry Bishop, who has been attending school at Hartford, has returned home on account of ill health of his father, Mr. T. R. Bishop.

The singing which was given at the residence of Mr. Roy McKernan, last Sunday night, was highly enjoyed by those present.

Mr. Clarence Rowe, who has been disabled for some time on account of a severe rising on his hand is much improved.

Mrs. L. B. Loney visited her brother, Mr. J. M. McIntire, at Hartford, Monday.

Miss Gussie and Dena Woolward, of Centertown, attended church at this place Sunday.

It was with sadness that we learned of the death of our friend, Mr. Steve Williams. He was a good Christian gentleman, and not only will he be missed at home, but will be greatly missed by his large circle of friends. May we all strive to follow the good example he set before us.

Miss Lizzie Danks, of Nelson Creek, visited in this community Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tichenor and children, Elvris and Mahel, visited Mrs. Tichenor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. M. Faght, Saturday.

Mrs. Bettie Matthews is on the sick list at this writing.

Miss Annie Berryman, who is attending school at Hartford, visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. P. Berryman, Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Emma Benton and Nellie Bennett attended church at this place Sunday.

There will be a musical entertainment given at the residence of Mr. I. E. Curtis next Saturday night, March 23. A nice time is anticipated.

Rev. A. J. Williams, of Hartford, visited in this community Sunday.

The meeting at Williams Mines which has been in progress for four weeks, under the care of Revs. Wilson, Miller and Brown, still continues with much success, there having been about seventy-five conversions.

Mr. Norval Brown and Miss Mattie Tichenor, both of Elmwood, attended church at this place Sunday.

Harrah for Republicans! We are all in favor of Von Rogers for County Judge and will make it hot for his opponent. ALTER EGE.

RENDER, KY.

March 19.—Prof W. D. Maddox and Frank M. Stowers, of Beaver Dam, were among our callers last Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. S. H. Dink, of Central City, visited her brother, Mr. R. A. Campbell, of this place, last Sunday.

Messrs H. E. Harper and Byron Petty spent last Sunday in Fordville.

Mr. Sam Rhodes, of Beaver Dam, was here Sunday.

THIN

Lots of people have thin hair. Perhaps their parents had thin hair; perhaps their children have thin hair. But this does not make it necessary for them to have thin hair.

HAIR

One thing you may rely upon—

AYER'S

HAIR VIGOR

makes the hair healthy and vigorous; makes it grow thick and long. It cures dandruff also.

It always restores color to gray hair, all the dark, rich color of early life. There is no longer need of your looking old before your time.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"As a remedy for restoring color to the hair I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal. It has always given me perfect satisfaction in every way."

Mrs. A. M. STURGEON, Aug. 18, 1896, Hammondport, N.Y.

Write the Doctor.

He will send you a book on The Hair and Scalp free, upon request. If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it.

Address, J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

In 1901 this week on business W. G. Kelley and W. J. Rowe visited in Leitchfield last Sunday.

Mr. Gross Williams, of Hartford, was in town this week.

Mrs. Ida Martin is in Central City for a two week's visit.

Mr. Robt. Francis and family visited Mr. Jake Westfield at Horton last Sunday.

Messrs. David Francis and Alvis Hanks, of Central City, visited friends and relatives in Render last Sunday.

Mr. Richard Francis, of Central City, was in town last Saturday on business.

Rev. Stearns, of Brevier, will fill his regular appointment here next Sunday.

Dr. H. B. Innes is able to be out again.

Render brass band will give a concert at this place next Saturday. Everybody invited.

Mr. E. P. Rowe is on the sick list.

Mr. W. S. Harney, of Central City, purchasing agent for the C. C. & I. Co., was in town this week.

Mr. R. E. Millard got his foot badly mashed in Williams Mines.

HOARSE FLY.

How is this?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props, Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinsman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Shamrock's Thirty Days in Stockholm.

"When the shadows of night gather without, the male population gather within the Eagle saloon, and here Stockholm is seen at its best. Ninety pound "Crook" Wood, who married, was the father of two children—not twins—felt a widower and killed a man all before he was eighteen years old, is the smallest, and Bob Gore, six feet four, and two hundred and sixty pounds, and whom I saw deliberately strike a match and light his pipe while on his way to extinguish a fire in the roof of his own house, is the largest of these nightly visitors to the Eagle saloon. A good natured German named Shults, who had seen much of the world, but who seemed to be in his element among these mountaineers, is chief counsel at the Eagle bar. What Shults says goes.

A few nights after my arrival in Stockholm the news was brought to the Eagle Bar Counsel that Ike Stork, a village leader, had professed religion at a revival meeting in an adjoining neighborhood. In four sorts of English seasoned with a touch of German profanity Shults ordered one of the boys to get a rope with which to hang a luckless new convert while his salvation was secure and generously extended me an invitation to witness the execution. Out of man's love for man I treated the ancient and venerable counsel of the Eagle bar to spare Ike's life. "If you only knew," he remonstrated Shults in his hybrid language impossible of reproduction here, "what an elegant liar and accomplished cuss Ike is, and how impossible it is for him to be one thing for twenty-four hours at a time, you would help to land him while the rope is ready."

I thought I saw an opportunity to help Ike and at the same time make a good impression on the ungodly counsel of the Eagle bar. I mounted an empty whiskey cask and drew a rosy picture of Ike's influence over the ungodly in the event he stuck, and warned them against destroying a man who might be pregnant with good examples for future generations and concluded by expressing my unshaken confidence in Ike's intention to stick. When I had done, Shults agreed to lengthen the span of Ike's life, as I would become responsible for his sticking. No bond being required of me I readily agreed to do so to save the poor fellow's life. But I did not know the unsearchable ways of the Eagle Bar Counsel. When I came up town the following Saturday afternoon Ike was howling drunk and swearing like a cowboy. I turned into an alley and hurried on to the Eagle Inn just after dark my host came up to my room with rather a discouraging intelligence that Shults was haranguing from a goods box down at Sim's store to the members of the Eagle Bar Counsel preparatory to swinging me on account of Ike's falling from grace.

"What advice can you give me?" I asked of my landlord eagerly.

"Die game," was his blunt reply.

"But I am not ready to die," I expostulated.

"You've got about fifteen minutes to fix in," I joined my landlord carelessly.

"But," said I, "if the swinging act is to be done, don't you think Ike ought to turnish the neck, since I saved him the other night."

"Don't know, you might see him about it, he is down at the bar."

"Send him up at once," I commanded.

I came up and staggered into the chair vacated by my host. I told him

The Oldest and Best.

S. S. S. is a combination of roots and herbs of great curative powers, and when taken into the circulation searches out and removes all manner of poisons from the blood, without the least shock or harm to the system. On the contrary, the general health begins to improve from the first dose, for S. S. S. is not only a blood purifier, but an excellent tonic, and strengthens and builds up the constitution while purging the blood of impurities. S. S. S. cures all diseases of a blood poison origin, Cancer, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Chronic Sores and Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum, Herpes and similar troubles, and is an infallible cure and the only antidote for that horrible disease, Contagious Blood Poison.

A record of nearly fifty years of successful cures is a record to be proud of. S. S. S. is more popular today than ever. It numbers its friends by the thousands. Our medical correspondence is larger than ever in the history of the medicine. Many write to thank us for the great good S. S. S. has done them, while others are seeking advice about their cases. All letters receive prompt and careful attention. Our physicians have made a life-long study of Blood and Skin Diseases, and better understand such cases than the ordinary practitioner who makes a specialty of no one disease.

We are doing great good by suffering humanity through our consulting department, and invite you to write us if you have any blood or skin trouble. We make no charge whatever for this service.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

tearfully of my impending doom and how it had come about, and begged him, since he had no wife to widow and no children to orphan, to take my place in the noose. I promised him a nice funeral and told him I was a sort of a newspaper man, I'd write a whole column for the Gazette, telling how the noblest man in Stockholm generously died for his friend. I sat pale and breathless, waiting for Ike to speak, but sat there dumb as a wooden Indian. Everything below was commotion, for a dozen counselors were hunting high and low for me I heard Shults' footsteps on the stairway.

"Speak wretch," I thundered, in the ear of the stupored Ike, "will you see a friend who saved your life hanged like a dog without saying a word to him?"

"Say stranger," Ike finally drawled out, "if you are that durned chummy, I'll pay the bill myself."

"What bill, you durned," I roared.

"Well, I'll be durned," he drawled out again, "have you been in Stockholm a week and not learned how the counsel raises revenue for a spree?"

For the next three hours all drinks that passed over the Eagle bar were paid for by one man, and Ike was the man.

In my next letter I shall historyize moonshining as told to me by Uncle "Lias," who devoted sixteen years to moonshine and marshalls.

SHAMROCK

Strong nerves. They are the fountain from which flows all the energy, all the strength and all the vital powers of the body. Strong nerves overcome the weaknesses and disorders of the system and give to the step a springiness, to the eye a brightness and to the mind a clearness that they can get from no other source. If you are tired and nervous, irritable, restless, run-down and sleepless, build up your worn-out nerves with

"I was so weak from nervous prostration and stomach trouble that I could not sleep, could take no nourishment but gruel, and wasted in flesh until I became almost a skeleton. I had tried a great many different remedies without getting help and was greatly discouraged when I heard of Dr. Miles' Nervine. I began taking it and continued until I had used six bottles. The result was I got my health."

Mrs. J. B. MARKHAM, Trufant, Mich.

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

It is a brain-food and nerve-restorer without an equal; and it nourishes, fortifies and refreshes both body and mind as nothing else can. Now is the time to begin.

Sold by all druggists on a guarantee.

Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

DO YOU WANT MACHINERY?

For Threshing Machinery, Saw Mills, Hay Presses, Wind Mills Well Pumps.

GUARANTEED

THE BEST

Hay Bale Ties, Coil-wire, Grate Bars, Pipe Fittings, Engine and Boiler Trimmings etc.

Call on

McHenry Mfg & Mach. Co.,

McHenry, Ky.

Watch This Space Next Week!

We have just returned from the East, where we purchased a large and complete Spring Stock of DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CLOTHING, HATS, SHOES, MATTINGS, And every thing else you need in our line. WE WILL HAVE OUR SAME MILLINER THIS YEAR So you are assured an UP-TO-DATE HAT. WE ARE RECEIVING NEW GOODS DAILY And will continue to do so throughout the season.

We are going to have a new departure this season and give you an elegant piece of handsome China FREE, with your purchases, as well as the elegant Pictures that have pleased so many people here before. Trusting you will call and see our Spring Goods, I am, Yours very truly, R. T. Collins, Hartford.

